

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING,
By RUSSELL EATON,
Office over Granite Bank, Water St., Augusta.
EZEKIEL HOLMES, Editor.

TERMS.—One dollar and seventy-five cents per annum; if paid in advance; two dollars, if paid within the year; two dollars and fifty cents, if payment is delayed beyond the year. 33¢ Single copies, four cents.

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MAINE FARMER.



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

AN APPEAL TO THE LEGISLATURE.

As our Legislature is now in session, and as good Legislators are always willing to listen to the appeal of even the humblest individual in the community, we venture, in behalf of many of the sovereign people, to appeal to them upon two subjects, yea, upon three. We wish it distinctly understood, however, that we make no political appeals, and neither beg, tease, ask or demand an office, either of profit, honor or power. This being premised, we will proceed to state what we have to say; and 1st.—Something ought to be done to promote the efficiency of our common school system—something to give new life, new vigor, and increased activity and usefulness to this important and indispensable institution. We think that, for a new State, Maine has done, hitherto, very well in regard to her primary schools. But every thing is progressive; and of all things, our school system should progress as fast as other institutions, systems and improvements. It should, at least, be enabled to "keep up with the times," and not lag far in the rear of any thing. It has been found by experiment, in New York and Massachusetts, that great advantage and great improvement has resulted from having a Board of Education, whose specific duty it should be to take charge of the primary schools, and put them into a condition by which they should become capable of affording the greatest amount of instruction by the most economical expenditure of money. What has been done in other States can be done with us, and what has been beneficial in other States in this respect, will, as a general rule, be beneficial with us. Why not adopt the system that has proved itself more serviceable than the one now in use? Why not, at once, enter upon a system of renovation that shall give more power of imparting education to the rising generation? If a Board of Education will do it, by all means have one established. If a superintendent or superintendents of common schools will do it, by all means have them appointed. Adopt any honest and just mode that will increase knowledge among the people, for upon knowledge are founded our liberties, our rights and all the blessings that flow from a free government. We trust that the present session will be productive of signal improvement in our common school system.

Another subject to which we would call the attention of the Legislature, is the law respecting Agricultural Societies. This is a subject which ought to receive the careful attention of our Legislature. To give all proper encouragement to manufacturing industry, is excellent policy undoubtedly. In order to successfully carry forward manufactures it is sometimes necessary to construct dams, with a view to gain a more perfect command of water power. But who will hazard the assertion that manufactures ought to flourish at the expense of the farming interest?

The argument need not be urged that the best lands in our State are our low lands. And now let us ask the question—suppose a farmer who is possessed of one hundred acres of land, is compelled to surrender ten acres of his best land to the manufacturer, being denied the right to put a price upon the same himself?—nay, he must surrender his just property at a mere nominal price. Now is this tyranny? is it not gross injustice?

But who knows what land is worth per acre for agricultural purposes? Opinions will differ vastly, undoubtedly. Some will think fifteen or twenty dollars per acre is a good price for arable land. But we will suppose that a farmer possesses ten acres of fertile low land or intervale, entirely clear of stumps, stumps and other obstructions to the plough; and we will suppose that by a long course of persevering industry he has rendered five acres, or one half of the said ten acres, immensely productive. We will suppose that this farmer entertains the design of making the whole of his said lot highly productive or fertile, and he has the means in an eminent degree—materials at only a short distance, and to be hauled perhaps all the way down hill. Hope cheers the farmer, and he sees in the distant future a glorious reward for his industry; he presses forward with untiring energy.

But yonder comes the manufacturer, and the following dialogue ensues:

Manufacturer. I intend to construct a dam which I suppose will flow your lot; what is land worth by the acre here with you?

Farmer. I do not know what land is worth here, but I would not willingly sell my lot for two hundred dollars per acre. I am certain that I can make this lot yield a net income per acre which will more than equal the interest of that sum.

M. Poh! poh! talk of two hundred dollars per acre for tillage or mowing land, this is extravagant.

F. But to give up this lot will well nigh ruin my farm, and the new barn which I have lately built is entirely lost, as I shall have nothing to put into it.

M. This is nothing to us: no matter if a farmer be now and then sacrificed to make room for manufacturers. We shall bring forward men of the right mode of thinking; the strong arm of the law is in our favor and *public opinion* too.

Thus, Mr. Editor, we see the hopes and fond anticipations of our farmer are all frustrated, and I have neither space nor time further than to observe that the course which our legislators ought to pursue, is a plain and straight-forward one.

THE FLOWING OF LAND.

To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:

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J. E. ROLFE.

Rumford, May, 1846.

Good Pigs. A correspondent of the English Agricultural Gazette, gives the weight of three pigs of one litter, a cross between sows of the large Tamworth breed, and a boar of Lord Howe's swill breed. One of them, killed at seven months old, weighed 240 pounds; another killed at eight months, 260 pounds; and a third, fattened by a cottager killed at eight months and a few days old, weighed 376 pounds.

DIAMOND CEMENT. This article, so much esteemed for uniting pieces of broken glass, for repairing precious stones, and for cementing them to watch cases and other ornaments, is made by soaking isinglass in water until it becomes quite soft, and then mixing it with spirit in which a little gum mastic and common alum have been dissolved.

BLIND TEETH IN HORSES. Wm. Little, London, O., relates a case of a stallion of his having gone entirely blind without any apparent cause. A friend who examined him, found "blind or wolf teeth," which were immediately knocked out, and the horse soon recovered his sight. [Albany Cultivator.]

Respectfully yours &c., M. S. WILSON.

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THE MAINE FARMER.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1846.

Probate Notices. Those of our friends who have Probate Notices to publish, and would like to have them appear in the Farmer, which circulates extensively in the County of Kennebec, have only to signify the wish to the Judge of Probate.

Job Work. of all kinds, as mostly executed, and on as reasonable terms, at the Farmer Office, as at any establishment in the State. Fancy jobs printed with all the different colored inks.

LEAFY JUNE.

We look upon the month of June as one of the most lovely of the twelve months that compose the year. The Poets have not inaptly called her "leafy June," for during the period of her stay the leaves of every grass, herb and tree, spring forth and arrive to their full stature, enrobing the earth in a full dress of enchanting beauty. And then, too, is the music of the birds—there is the flitting of the silent but brilliant butterfly by day, and the bright twinkling of the firefly by night—there is the bursting into life of myriads of young animals—there are the soft breezes of young summer, neither frozen nor frosty as in winter, nor hot and scorching as in mid-summer—there are the calm nights and the sunny days—there are the springing crops and the ripening strawberry and cherry—first fruits of a returning harvest, all—conspiring to inspire and cheer us with a sense of gratitude and thanksgiving to him who rules the destinies of the year.

Well has the immortal bard of the seasons said:

"Then comes thy beauty in the summer months,

With light and heat resplendent. Then thy sun

Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;

And oft by voice in dreary thunder speaks,

And oft at dawn, deep noon, or failing eve,

By brooks and groves, and hollow whispering gales."

Although the labors of the farmer continue to call upon him, and every day brings new cares and new duties, yet there is a comparative relaxation in the immediate pressure, and he can have more opportunities to improve a leisure hour in viewing the success of his labors thus far in the year, and to contemplate the progress which nature makes in the onward march to beauty and perfection of vegetable and animal life. As he looks abroad upon the fair face of the earth, and beholds the still but sure steps of increase of the seed committed by him to the soil—the stock confided to his care, and of every thing on either side, he may well exclaim in the language of him just quoted:

"Soft roll your incense, herbs, and flowers,

In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,

Whose breath perfumes you and whose pencil paints."

Or, in the still more sublime and lofty language of the Psalmist, as he feels his heart swelling with love, veneration and awe, he might say:

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness,

and thy paths drop fatness. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness; and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys are covered with corn. They shout for joy: they also sing."

FAMILY RHYMING. Deacon Warren Howard, of North Leeds, has a family of eight lively children. Now there is nothing very remarkable in that, especially in North Leeds, where they are all good healthy farmers and serve their country in the best way; but it is a little remarkable that the roll call of these children make quite a song *per se* (of themselves.) Just listen while we call it:

Luther Summers,

Melvin Clark,

Lucy Mitchell,

Merillo Marks,

Elmina Augusta,

Mary Jane,

Dexter Waterman,

Hannah Lane.

It is a little singular that this chimeing of the names of his children was undesigned until the last one was named, when it was discovered that Hannah had another name to rhyme with Jane, he would have two complete stanzas. We like poetry and music in families. Hope they will have four more to make out a chorus.

NORTH WAYNE AT THE WASHINGTON FAIR. We are glad to see that our enterprising neighbors, at North Wayne, exhibited specimens of the scythes manufactured at their establishment.

The scythes were much admired, and when compared with those of English manufacture, were found to be decidedly superior in every respect, and to come from two to four dollars cheaper by the dozen. That's just what we want—a better article at a cheaper price, and just what we can do here in Yankeedom, if Congress will just do for ourselves what other nations have done for themselves—encourage their own.

MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY. The exhibition of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, at Kent's Hill, (Readfield,) will take place on the 24th inst. An Address will be given by G. Peck, D. A., at 2 o'clock P. M., of that day. The Address before the Catechopoleum Society will be given by Rev. Eli Thurston, of Hallowell, on the 25th.

We are happy to state that this institution flourishes well, and that it has an able board of instructors.

The Masonic festival, at Augusta, on the 24th, will prevent many from attending at Kent's Hill, but we would be pleased to.

YOUNG INDIAN CHIEF. Friend Bolton advertises another colt, after the celebrated Old Chief, that is from one of the best mares of her size in all Kennebec. He takes after both sire and dam, and is a compact iron sided colt. His speed has never been fairly tested, but we have no doubt he possesses both speed and endurance. He is four years old, and weighs ten hundred.

NO MORE HANGING IN LOUISIANA. The N. O. Commercial Times says that a law has been passed by the Louisiana legislature "authorising Jurors in cases involving Capital Punishment, to qualify their verdict, when extenuating circumstances occur, so as to substitute perpetual imprisonment for death." We presume those "extenuating circumstances" will always occur.

SING MEAR. The New Hampshire Gazette tells a good story of a wag in Vermont.

"Many years ago the good people of Vermont elected a worthy and venerable Baptist minister, governor of the State. In due time his induction to office took place, at Montpelier, in presence of a crowd like that which usually assembles on such an occasion. Either through the fact that the governor found himself in a strange position, or from some other cause, there was a painful suspense until the oath was administered; which, however, was at last broken by a wag in the gallery calling out at the top of his voice, 'Sing Mear.'"

MORE SWALLOWS.

Mr. HOLMES—Dear Sir: In your paper of yesterday you speak of the swallow genus as comprising four species, inhabiting this State. You omit a species known in some parts of the State as the *wood swallow*, and inhabiting *old trees*, either making use of abandoned woodpecker's holes, or forming holes themselves—I am uncertain which. The bird is a little larger than the barn swallow, with blue-black back, and white breast. I have been familiar with them and their habits from my youth until within a few years. They inhabited a swamp of decaying brown ash trees and shrubs, in Piscataquis county. Hoping this species may become known through your columns, if not now known, I am

Yours respectfully,

J. M. METCALF.

Is not the martin a species of swallow?

Bangor, June 5, 1846.

Nore. We thank our correspondent for the information respecting the species of swallow that he mentions. We used to be familiar with them in the Old Colony, where they are called "tree swallow." They are found in abundance on Long Island, where they are said to feed upon the bayberries, and get so very fat that the epicure of "Gotham" prize them highly, and large numbers are sold in their markets. But we have never seen them in this State, and were not aware that they were found in Maine.

In regard to the Martin, it should have been enumerated among the Swallows, as it used to be included in the same genus. Its habits and form, however, are somewhat different, and more recently a writer on the subject of Ornithology has separated them and formed a new genus called "Progne." Giraud, a writer in New York on the birds of Long Island, has also separated the chimney swallow from this genus and places it in a genus by itself, called "Chaetura," so that a naturalist will make the following technical distinctions:—1st, Common name, 2d, Technical name.

Barn Swallow, Hirundo Rufa.
Barn Swallow, Hirundo Riparia.
Cliff Swallow, or as Audubon calls it, Republican Swallow, Hirundo Unifrons, (of Say) Hirundo Fulva, (of others).

Tree, or white-bellied Swallow, Hirundo Bi-color, (of Bonaparte,) or Hirundo Virides, (of Wilson.)
Chimney Swallow, Chaetura Pelasgia.
Martins, Progne Purpurea, (Boie.)

If our friend can swallow all this, "learned lingo!" on swallows, his swallow must be pretty good. [Ed.]

"How de do." The back numbers of the Ohio Cultivator have been received. We are happy to see again, friend Batchelder, and wish you a pleasant summer and a good grass crop.

AGRICULTURAL MEETING AT THE STATE HOUSE.

Pursuant to previous notice, a meeting of members of the Legislature was held in the Hall of the house, on Tuesday afternoon to organize a series of meetings for discussion upon agricultural subjects.

Col. Hodgdon of Houlton was called to the chair, Mr. Thomas of Newburg was appointed Secretary, in whose absence, Mr. Barnes of Portland acted as Secretary for the time.

Introductory remarks, explaining the call and the design of the meeting, were made by Mr. Otis of Hallowell, after which, and upon the several motions that followed, the meeting was addressed by Mr. Friend of Etna, Mr. Grant of Litchfield, Mr. Barnes of Portland, Mr. Perry of Oxford County, Mr. Farrar of Baileyville, and Mr. Webster of Kennebunkport.

On motion of Mr. Friend of Etna, it was voted to raise two Committees,—one for making general arrangements for the conduct of meetings—the other to select and suggest subjects for discussion.

On the Committee of arrangements were appointed—Messrs. Friend of Etna; Perry of Oxford; Hauseon of Crawford; Currier of Cornville; Reed of Roxbury; Keene of Augusta; Small of Pownal. On the Committee on subjects, were appointed—Messrs. Otis of Hallowell; Monroe of Piscataquis Co.; Child of Hartford; Totman of Hinsdale; Reed of Waldoport; Farrar of Baileyville; to which Committee, by vote of the majority, the Chairman, Col. Hodgdon, was added.

On motion of Mr. Otis, it was voted, that an invitation to take part in these meetings, be extended to gentlemen connected with the Executive Government of the state, and to any other citizens of the State who are interested in Agriculture.

Mr. Otis proposed a subject for discussion at the next meeting—"The System of Crops best adapted to the soil and climate of this State, having regard to the immediate profit to be derived from the crop, and to its effect upon the land," which, after the remarks by Mr. Otis upon the importance of such a discussion, was adopted by the majority.

On motion, Voted. That the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the Chairman and Secretary, and published in the newspapers of Augusta, and that all the public journals in the State be requested to publish such extracts of the proceedings and discussions hereafter to be had, as they may find convenient.

Voted, that the next meeting be held on Friday next at half past 2 P. M., in the Hall of the House—till we have time and place the meeting then adjourned.

JOHN HODGDON, Chairman.
P. BARNES, Sec'y tem.

RIVER IMPROVEMENT. We understand the work of deepening the channel of the Kennebec, to be recommended immediately—the time for completing the contract to be extended into another season, if necessary. The channel through the lower shoal is to be 60 feet in width instead of 80, as at first proposed. Packet masters consider this width as sufficient.

The minimum depth of water, at low tide, in that portion of the channel which was completed last year, is now eight feet. It has not filled up in the least.—[Journal.]

OREGON. Important. The Journal of Commerce of Friday last, says—"We learn from very good authority, that Mr. Packenham has received instructions from his government by the steamer Hilberia, to make a final overture for the peaceful adjustment of the Oregon question.

He is to offer, substantially, the proposition suggested some time since by Mr. McLane, our Minister in London, to Lord Aberdeen, viz. lat. 49 as the basis, leaving for Britain the whole of Vancouver's Island, and the free navigation of the Columbia."

The Portland Agency of the mutual Benefit Office, which has issued nearly four hundred and fifty policies in less than eight months, within the State of Maine, has just met with its first loss—of \$5000—in the death of Mr. R. G. Brackett, of Falmouth, who was insured March 21st, and leaves a widow and one child, otherwise destitute, we are told. [Argus.]

SING MEAR. The New Hampshire Gazette tells a good story of a wag in Vermont.

"Many years ago the good people of Vermont elected a worthy and venerable Baptist minister, governor of the State. In due time his induction to office took place, at Montpelier, in presence of a crowd like that which usually assembles on such an occasion. Either through the fact that the governor found himself in a strange position, or from some other cause, there was a painful suspense until the oath was administered; which, however, was at last broken by a wag in the gallery calling out at the top of his voice, 'Sing Mear.'"

Mike WALSH'S WIT. We copy this characteristic paragraph from the "Subterranean" of last week:

"Extend the Area of Freedom. As I was the originator of the above now far-famed sentiment, I think it is no more than right that the Common Council should, in gratitude for the services of the Legislature, elect me to the one, knock three or four of these cells into one, so as to extend the benefit of the patriotic phrase to its abettors."

LATER. Gen. Anthony Colby was yesterday elected Governor of New Hampshire for the ensuing year, by a convention of both branches of the Legislature. The vote stood, Anthony Colby 146; J. W. Williams 125.

News from the Seat of War.

Capture and Investment of Matamoras, without opposition—desertion of Mexican Troops.

The Steamer Telegraph arrived at New Orleans on the 28th inst. from Point Isabel, and brings the following important intelligence:

On the night of the 19th, an express arrived at Point Isabel from Gen. Taylor, stating that he had crossed the Rio Grande, and taken the city of Matamoras without opposition, the Mexicans having fled the city.

The Mexicans from the last accounts, were deserting their ranks in battalions.

Two American regiments, with the exception of about 350, having marched a few days previous, were stationed at Braxos Point awaiting the orders of Gen. Taylor, as it was thought they would leave on the 20th for Matamoras via, the old Burita road.

Capt. Auld, of the Telegraph, thinks the whole number of our killed and wounded (in the battles of the 8th and 9th,) must amount to more than 300; besides the wounded taken to St. Josephs, there are now forty at Point Isabel, too badly wounded to be removed. All but three, it is thought, will recover.

The condition of the brave and esteemed Capt. Page, is melancholy indeed. The whole of his lower jaw, with part of his tongue and palate, was shot away with a grape shot; he, however, survived, though entirely incapable of speech, only communicating his thoughts by writing on a slate, and receives the necessary nutriment for the support of life with much difficulty.

It is stated that he does not desire to live, but converses with cheerfulness and exultation upon the success of our army.

THURSDAY, May 28. In the SENATE, the Supplementary War Bill, for increasing the number of officers in the army, was passed.

At 1 o'clock, the Senate went into Executive session, and was occupied most of the day with the nomination for the regiment of mounted riflemen.

In the HOUSE, the Civil and Diplomatic Bill was discussed two hours.

The debate upon the Tariff was resumed by Mr. Calhoun, of Vermont, in reply to part of Mr. Payne, of Alabama.

Mr. Stewart spoke until one o'clock, when the discussion was suspended, and the Committee brought to a vote upon the amendments.

A proposition to increase the item for Marine Hospitals, from \$50,000 to \$85,000 was rejected.

A large number of amendments were offered and carried, and a great many of them were rejected. Others were carried, and a long series of amendments were offered in reference to the mileage and per diem of members.

The mileage agreed to, was forty cents a mile for 200 miles traveled, and three and a half cents for 300 miles, and so on, and the debate for the same was adjourned.

The House rejected a specific proposition this morning, offered by Mr. Wintrop, of Mass., as an amendment to the Civil and Diplomatic Bill, and proposing that the President send a special Minister to the Government of Mexico, when he shall receive information of a disposition to receive such minister, and that \$10,000 be appropriated for an outfit and salary.

The House voted a blow at Mr. Alexander Everett, by depriving him of his salary for the next year unless he should reside in China as Commissioner. Mr. Everett has not yet visited the country he nominally represents.

THURSDAY, May 28. In the SENATE, Mr. Johnson, of Louisiana, presented a resolution of the Louisiana Legislature, in favor of the general government providing for the pay of volunteers to the Army on the Rio Grande.

Mr. Dix moved that the committee on naval affairs be instructed to inquire into the merits of Van Schmidt's Rotary steam improvement. Agreed to.

The French application was here taken up, and again postponed, and made the order of the day for to-morrow, at 1 o'clock.

Mr. Hausean submitted a joint resolution for the adjournment of the two Houses of Congress, on the 20th of June.

Mr. Houston, of Texas, introduced a joint resolution of thanks to Gen. Taylor and his army, and that a suitable sword be presented to Gen. Taylor by the President. This resolution lay over one day.

The Senate took up the Oregon Jurisdiction bill.

Mr. Benton resumed his speech, from which he had delivered on two previous days. His manner is more than usually animated.

The galleries were well filled with listeners. Mr. B. did not speak.

In the HOUSE, Mr. Stevens offered a resolution authorizing the clerk to purchase 10,000 copies of Emory's Map of Texas.

A motion to suspend the rules to allow the resolution to be received and considered was made and lost.

Mr. Hopkins from the committee on post offices, reported back the bill for post routes in Texas, with an amendment.

Mr. Culver asked if the routes proposed went into the

The Muse.

THE SONG OF THE SWORD.

Weary, and wounded, and worn,
Wounded and ready to die,
A soldier they left, all alone and forlorn,
On the field of battle to lie.
The dead and the dying alone,
Could their presence and pity afford,
While, with a sad and a terrible tone,
He sang the song of the sword.
Fight! fight! fight!
Though a thousand fathers die;
Fight! fight! fight!
Though thousands of children cry;
Fight! fight! fight!
While mothers and wives lament;
And fight! fight! fight!
While millions of money are spent.
Fight! fight! fight!
Should the cause be foul or fair;
Though all that's gained is an empty name,
And a tax too great to bear;
An empty name and a paltry sum,
And thousands lying dead;
While every glorious victory
Must raise the price of bread.
War! war! war!
Fire and famine and sword;
Desolate fields, and desolate towns,
And thousands scattered abroad,
With kingdoms perish and fall,
And hundreds of thousands are lying dead,
And all for nothing.
Ah! why should such mortals as I,
Kill those whom we never could hate?
'Tis obey your commander or die;
'Tis the law of the sword and the state.
For we are the veriest slaves
That ever had their birth;
And to please the whim of a tyrant's will,
All in one use upon earth.

War! war! war!
Musket, powder and ball;
Ah! what do we fight so for?
Ah! why have we battles at all?
'Tis justice must be done, they say,
The nation's honor to keep;
Ah! that justice is so dear,
And human life so cheap.
'Tis oh! that a Christian state—
A professedly Christian state,
Should thus despise that high command—
So useful and so great—
Delivered by Christ himself on earth,
Our constant guide to be;
To love our neighbors as ourselves,
And bless our enemies.
War! war! war!
Misery, murder, and crime,
All the blessings I've seen in these
From my youth to the present time:
Misery, murder, and crime,
Crime, misery, murder, and woe;
Ah! would I had known in my younger days
A tenth of what now I know.
Ah! but I had known in my happier days—
In my hours of joyous glee—
A tenth of the horrors and crime of war—
A fifth of its misery—
I now had been joining a happy band
Of wife and children dear,
And I had died in my native land,
Instead of dying here.
And many a long, long day of woe,
And sleepless nights until;
And drenching rain, and drifting snow,
And weariness, famine and cold;
And worn-out limbs, and aching heart,
And grief too great to tell,
And bleeding wounds, and piercing smart,
Had I escaped full well.

But though, with such sorrow and woe,
Thy progress must always bound:
Ah! would it were only below
That the fruits of thy curse could be found:
But war! war! war!
From all that I ever could see,
Full many a groan, in the future world,
Must be traced I fear to thee.
Wenry, and wounded, and worn—
Wounded and ready to die,
A soldier they left all alone and forlorn,
On the field of the battle to lie.
The dead and the dying alone,
Could their presence and pity afford,
While, with a sad and a terrible tone,
He sang the song of the sword.

The Story Teller.

[From the *Columbian Magazine*.]

THE NEIGHBOR-IN-LAW.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

Who blesses others in his daily deeds,
Will find the blessing that his spirit needs;
For every flower in others' pathway strews,
Confers its fragrant beauty on our own.

"So you are going to live in the same building
with Hetty Turnpenny," said Mrs. Lane to Mrs. Fairweather. "You will find nobody to envy
you. If her temper does not prove too much
even for your good-nature, it will surprise all
who know her. We lived there a year, and
that is as long as anybody ever tried it."

"Poor Hetty!" replied Mrs. Fairweather.

"She has had much to harden her. Her mother
died too early for her to remember; her father
was very severe with her; and the only lover she
ever had, borrowed the savings of her years toil,
and spent them in dissipation. But Hetty, not-
withstanding her sharp features, and sharper
words, has a kind heart. In the midst of her
greatest poverty many were the stockings she
knit, and the warm waistcoats she made, for the
poor drunken lover, whom she had too much
good sense to marry. Then you know she feeds
and clothes her brother's orphan child."

"If you call it feeding and clothing," replied
Mrs. Lane. "The poor child looks cold, and
pinched, and frightened all the time, as if she
was chased by the East wind. I used to tell
Miss Turnpenny she ought to be ashamed of
herself, to keep the poor little thing at work all
the time, without one minute to play. If she
does but look at the cat, it runs by the window,
Aunt Hetty gives her a rap over the knuckles.—
I used to tell her she would make the girl just
such another sour old crab as herself."

"That must have been very improving to her
disposition," replied Mrs. Fairweather, with a
good-humored smile. "But in justice to poor
Aunt Hetty, you ought to remember that she
had just such a cheerless childhood herself.—
Flowers grow where there is sunshine."

"I know you think every body ought to live
in the sunshine," rejoined Mrs. Lane; "and it
must be confessed that you carry it with you
wherever you go. If Miss Turnpenny has a
heart, I dare say you will find it out, though I
never could, and I never heard of any one else
that could. All the families within hearing of
her tongue call her the neighbor-in-law."

Certainly the prospect was not very encourag-
ing; for the house Mrs. Fairweather proposed to
occupy, was not only under the same roof with
Miss Turnpenny, but the building had one com-
mon space for a garden in front. The very first
day she took possession of her new habitation,
she called on the "neighbor-in-law." Aunt Het-
ty had taken the precaution to extinguish the

fire, lest the new neighbor should want hot water, before her own wood and coal arrived. Her first salutation was, "If you want any cold water, there's a pump across the street; I don't like to have my house slopped all over."

"I am glad you are so tidy, neighbor Turn-
penny," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "It is ex-
tremely pleasant to have neat neighbors. I will
try to keep everything as bright as a new five
cent piece, for I see that will please you. I
came merely to say good morning, and to ask if
you could spare little Peggy to run up and down
stairs for me, while I am getting my furniture in
order. I will pay her sixpence an hour."

Aunt Hetty had begun to purse up her mouth
for a refusal; but the promise of sixpence an hour
relaxed her features at once. Little Peggy sat
knitting a stocking very diligently, with a rod
lying on the table beside her. She looked up
with timid wistfulness, as if the prospect of any
change was like a release from prison. When
she heard consent given, a bright color flushed
her cheeks. She was evidently of an impres-
sible temperament, for good or evil. "Now mind
and behave yourself," said Aunt Hetty; "and see
that you keep at work the whole time. If I hear
one word of complaint, you know what you'll
get when you come home." The rose-color
subsided from Peggy's pale face, and she ans-
wered, "Yes ma'am," very meekly.

In the neighbor's house all went quite other-
wise. No switch lay on the table, and instead
of, "mind how you do that. If you don't, I'll
punish you," she heard the gentle words,

"There, dear, see how carefully you can carry
that up stairs. Why, what a nice handy little
girl you are!" Under this enlivening influence,
Peggy worked like a bee, and soon began to hum
much more agreeably than a bee. "Aunt Hetty
was always in the habit of saying, 'Stop your
noise, and mind your work.' But the new
friend patted her on the head, and said, "What
a pleasant voice the little girl has. It is like the
birds in the fields. By and by, you shall hear
my music box." This opened wide the windows
of the poor little shut-up heart, so that the sun-
shine could stream in, and the birds fly in and
out, carolling. The happy child tuned up like
a lark, as she tripped lightly up and down stairs,
on various household errands. But though she
took heed to observe all the directions given her,
her head was all the time filled with conceptions
of what sort of a thing a music box might be.
She was a little afraid the kind lady would for-
get to show it to her. She kept at work, how-
ever, asked no questions; she only looked very
curiously at everything that resembled a box.—

At last, Mrs. Fairweather said, "I think your
little feet must be tired, by this time. We will
rest awhile, and eat some gingerbread." The
child took the offered cake, with a humble little
courtesy, and carefully held out her apron to
prevent any crumbs from falling on the floor.—
But suddenly the apron dropped, and the crumbs
were all strewn about. "Is that a little bird?"
she exclaimed eagerly. "Where is he? Is he in
the room?" The new friend smiled, and told
her that was the music box; and after awhile she
opened it and explained what made the sounds.
Then she took out a pile of books from one of
the baskets of goods, and told Peggy she might
look at the pictures, till she called her. The
little girl stopped running eagerly to take them,
and drew back, as if afraid. "What is the mat-
ter?" asked Mrs. Fairweather; "I am very will-
ing to trust you with the books. I keep them
on purpose to amuse children." Peggy looked
down with her finger on her lip, and answered,
in a constrained voice, "Aunt Turnpenny won't
like it if I play." "Don't trouble yourself about
that. I will make it all right with Aunt Hetty,"
replied the friendly one. Thus assured she
gave herself up to the full enjoyment of the picture
books; and when she was summoned to her work,
she obeyed with a cheerful alacrity that
would have astonished her stern relative.—
When the labors of the day were concluded,
Mrs. Fairweather, accompanied her home, paid
for all the hours she had been absent, and warmly
praised her docility and diligence. The cattle
all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows
attempted to turn round. In making the attempt,
she happened to hit her next neighbor; whereupon,
the neighbor kicked and hit another. In five
minutes, the whole herd were kicking and hook-
ing each other, with all fury. My mother laughed,
and said, "See what comes of kicking when
you're hit. Just so I've seen one cross word set a
whole family by the ears, some frosty morning."
Afterward, if my brothers or myself were a little
irritable, she would say, "Take care, children.
Remember how the fight in the barn-yard began.
Never give back a kick for a hit, and you will
have yourself and others a deal of trouble."

The same afternoon, the sunshiny day stepped
into Aunt Hetty's room, where she found
Peggy sewing as usual, with the eternal switch
on the table beside her. "I am obliged to go to
Harlem, on business," said she; "I feel rather
lonely without company, and I always like to
have a child with me. If you will oblige me by
letting Peggy go, I will pay her fair in the omnibus."
"Neither do I," rejoined her neighbor; "but I
think there is a great deal of education that is
not found in books. The fresh air will make
Peggy grow stout and active. I prophesy that
she will do great credit to your bringing up."

The sugared words, and the remembrance of
the sugared pie, touched the soft place in Miss
Turnpenny's heart, and she told the astonished
Peggy that she might go and put on her best
gown and bonnet. The poor child began to think
that this new neighbor was certainly one of the
good fairies she read about in her picture books.

The excursion was enjoyed as only a child can
enjoy the country. The world seems such a
pleasant place, when the old wives' tales are off,
and Nature does the young heart lovingly on her
bosom! A flock of real birds and two living but-
terflies put the little orphan in perfect ecstasy.

She ran and skipped. One could see that she
might be graceful, if she were only free. She
pointed to the fields covered with dandelions, and
said, "See, how pretty it looks! It looks as if the
stars had come down to lie on the grass." Ah, our
little stunted Peggy has poetry in her, though
she could not be a pink in behavior to his
neighbors relatives. Poor Tabby could never set
foot out of doors without being saluted with a
growl, and a short sharp bark, that frightened
her out of her senses, and made her run into the
house, with her fur all on end. If she even
ventured to do a little at her own doorstep, the
enemy was on the watch, and the moment her
eyes closed, he would make at her with a bark
and a box on the ear, and off he would run.—

Aunt Hetty vowed she would scold him. It was
a burning shame, she said, for folks to keep
dogs to worry their neighbor's cats. Mrs. Fair-
weather invited Tabby to dine, and made much
of her, and patiently endeavored to teach her
to eat from the same plate. But Pink steadily
resolved to be scolded first; that he would.

He could not have been more firm in his opposition,
if he and Tabby had belonged to different sects in
Christianity. While his mistress was putting
Tabby on the head, and reasoning the point with
him, he would at times manifest a degree of in-
difference, amounting to toleration; but the mo-

ment he was left to his own free will, he would
give the invited guest a hearty cuff with his paw,
and send her home spitting like a small steam
engine. Aunt Hetty considered it her own pec-
uliar privilege to cuff the poor animal, and it was
too much for her patience to see Pink undertake
to assist in making Tab unhappy. On
one of these occasions, she rushed into her neighbor's
apartments, and faced Mrs. Fairweather, with
one hand resting on her hip, and the fore-
finger of the other making very wrathful ges-
tures. "I tell you what, madam, I won't put
up with such treatment much longer," said she;
"I'll poison that dog; you'll see if I don't; and I
shant wait long, either, I can tell you. What
you keep such an impudent little beast for, I
don't know, without you do it on purpose to
plague your neighbors."

"I am really sorry he behaves so," replied
Mrs. Fairweather, mildly. "Poor Tab!"

"Poor Tab!" screamed Miss Turnpenny.
"What do you mean by calling her poor? Do
you mean to flog it up to me that my cat don't
have enough to eat?"

"I did not think of such a thing," replied Mrs.
Fairweather. "I called her poor Tab, because
Pink plagues her so that she has no peace of her
life. I agree with you, neighbor Turnpenny; it
is not right to keep a dog that disturbs the
neighborhood. I am attached to poor little Pink,
because he belongs to my son, who has gone to sea.
I was in hopes he would soon leave off quar-
relling with the cat; but if he won't be neighborly,
I will send him out in the country to board.—
Sally, will you bring me one of those pies we
baked this morning? I should like to have Miss
Turnpenny taste of them."

The crabbed neighbor was helped abundantly,
and while she was eating the pie, the friendly
matron edged in many a kind word concerning
little Peggy, whom she praised as a remarkable
capable industrious child.

"I am glad you find her so," rejoined Aunt
Hetty; "I should get precious little work out
of her, if I didn't keep a switch in sight."

"I manage children pretty much as the man
did the donkey," replied Mrs. Fairweather.
"Not an inch would the poor beast stir, for all
his master's beating and thumping. But a neighbor
brought some fresh turnips to a stick, and fastened
them so that they swung directly before the
donkey's nose, and off he set on a brisk trot in
the hope of overtaking them."

Aunt Hetty, without observing very closely
the comparison applied to her own management
of Peggy, said, "That will do very well for folks
that have plenty of turnips to spare."

"For the matter of that," answered Mrs. Fair-
weather, "whips cost something, as well as turnips;
and since one make the donkey stand still,
and the other makes him trot, it is easy to decide
which is the most economical. But, neighbor
Turnpenny, since you like my pie so well, pray
take one home with you; I am afraid they will
mold before we can eat them up."

Aunt Hetty had come in for a quarrel, and she
was astonished to find herself going out with a
pie. "Well, Mrs. Fairweather," said she, "you
are a neighbor. I thank you a thousand times."

When she reached her own door, she hesitated
for an instant, then turned back, pie in hand, to
say, "Neighbor Fairweather, you needn't trouble
yourself about sending Pink away. It's natural
you should like the little creature, seeing he
belongs to your son. I'll try to keep Tab in doors,
and perhaps after awhile they will agree better."

"I hope they will," replied the friendly mat-
ron; "We will try them awhile longer, and if
they persist in quarreling, I will send the dog
into the country." Pink, who was sleeping in a
chair, stretched himself and gaped. His kind
mistress patted him on the head, "Ah, you foolish
little beast," said she, "what's the use of
plaguing poor Tab?"

When the orphan removed to her pleasant little
cottage, on her wedding-day, she threw her
arms round the blessed missionary of sunshine,
and said, "Ah, thou dear, good aunt, it is thou
whom hast made my life Fairweather."

"I find her a very kind, obliging neighbor,"
replied Mrs. Fairweather.

"Well, this is a miracle!" exclaimed Mrs.
Lane. "Nobody but you would have undertaken
to thwart out Aunt Hetty's heart."

"That is probably the reason why it was never
told her that not having enough of sunshine was
what ailed the world. Make people happy, and
there will not be half the quarrelling, or a tenth
part of the wickedness there is."

From this gospel of joy preached and practiced,
nobody derived so much benefit as little Peggy.
Her nature, which was fast growing

crooked and knotty, under the malign influence
of constraint and fear, straightened up, budded
and blossomed, in the genial atmosphere of
cheerful kindness.

Her affections and faculties were kept in such
pleasant exercise, this constant lightness of heart
made her almost handsome. The young music-
teacher thought her more than almost handsome,
for her affectionate soul shone more beamingly
on him than on others: and love makes all things
beautiful.

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cottage, on her wedding-day, she threw her
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and said, "Ah, thou dear, good aunt, it is thou
whom hast made my life Fairweather."

"I learned a good lesson when I was a little
girl," rejoined Mrs. Fairweather. "One frosty
morning, I was looking out of the window
into my father's barn-yard, where stood many cows,
oxen, and horses, waiting to drink. It was one
of those cold snapping mornings when a slight
change irritates both man and beast. The cattle
all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows
attempted to turn round. In making the attempt,
she happened to hit her next neighbor; whereupon,
the neighbor kicked and hit another. In five
minutes, the whole herd were kicking and hook-
ing each other, with all fury. My mother laughed,
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